HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1878

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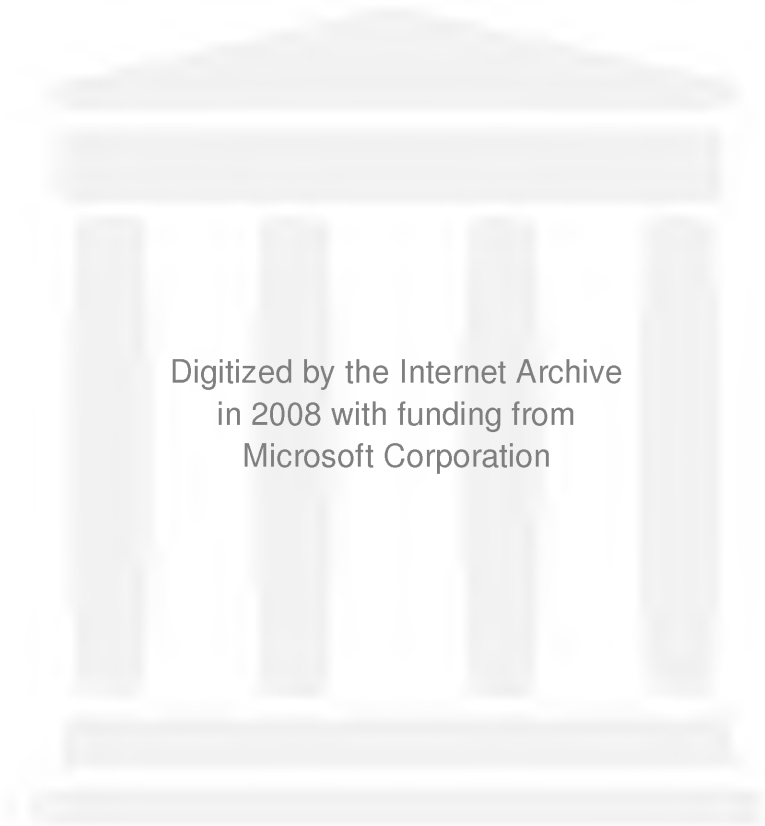
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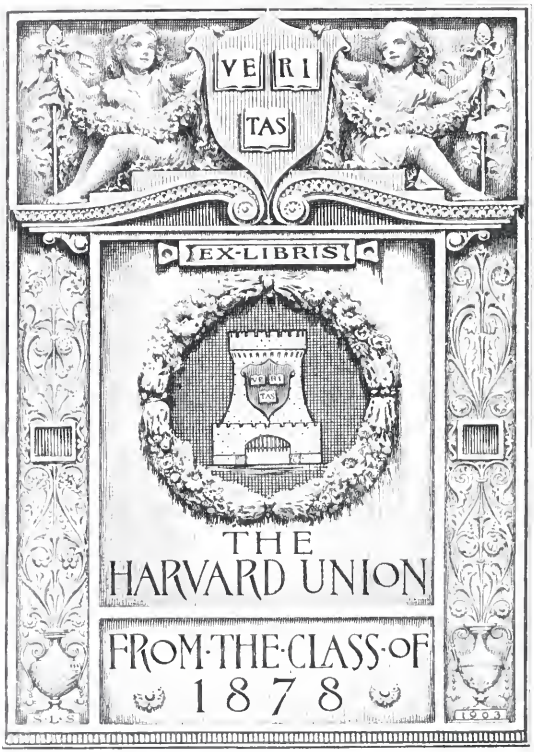
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HARVARD COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1878

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Number V

Being an account of the sayings and doings of the Class at the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation To which are appended such changes in the lives of Classmates as have come to the Secretary's notice and a list of addresses

1903

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE CLASS

CAMBRIDGE
The Riverside Press
1903

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Class Committee.

NATHANIEL NILES THAYER, Chairman.
JULIAN AUGUSTUS MEAD.
ALFRED WORCESTER.

Class Secretary.

JOSEPH CUTLER WHITNEY.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Class of Seventy-eight:

The arrangement for our Twenty-fifth anniversary celebration was left in the hands of the Class Committee and Secretary with F. W. Thayer added. Three circulars were sent out by the committee. The first to secure signatures for degrees for the four men whom a canvass of the class showed to be most eligible; the second asking for subscriptions towards a fund and a clock that it was proposed to give to the Harvard Union; and the third and last, sent on June 2, giving an outline of the proposed celebration.

The committee did not decide upon the final details without mature deliberation. A dinner at the Secretary's, a supper at Nat Thayer's, a dinner at the Union Club given by Julian Mead, and another supper at Nat Thayer's were necessary for their completion. Worcester was in California and so not a part of our deliberations. The Secretary would here speak of the obligations that he is under to the committee. He meant to have spoken of them at the dinner, but you rattled him so that he omitted to. In fine: Without F. W. Thayer the Union Fund would never have been raised. Without Worcester that part of the celebration that included the reception of ladies and their entertainment would never have been undertaken. Without Mead nothing would have been done except discuss matters; and without N. N. Thayer you would have had no luncheon, no car ride, no dinner and no music. He ordered them all. Bancroft helped us out in the car ride, and the Secretary, at the request of the Rev. J. B. Harding, who lives near Philadelphia, substituted brant duck for Philadel-

phia squabs at our dinner, and had a finger in ordering the wine.

The Secretary takes this occasion to note such changes in the movements and in the family lives of classmates as have come to his notice. Where no mention is made of a man it does not follow that he has not done all sorts of things, but they have escaped the notice of the Secretary. He also offers you a new list of addresses.

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH C. WHITNEY.

DECEMBER 1ST, 1903.

THE CLASS

OF

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT.

Records.

MONDAY.

On Monday, June twenty-second, the Class began to gather. A room was kept open at the Parker House from 10 until 3 o'clock. The Class Book was at the room; also some copies of the first class report, and of the baccalaureate sermon, class and ivy orations, ode, and class song. The men who were at the room, for a shorter or longer time, were: Adams, Bennett, Blodgett, Cobb, Cushing, Doane, Elting, Gowen,[1] J. B. Harding, Hunt, B. N. Johnson, Kessler, Knapp, Littauer, Montague, H. S. Nash, Oliver, H. D. Page, W. M. Phillips, Richards, Sparhawk, F. W. Thayer, N. N. Thayer, Wheeler, Whitney, Dunham, and Dwinell. That evening a table at the Popular Concert had a number of men at it, who left early and adjourned to the St. Botolph Club.

TUESDAY.

On Tuesday, the twenty-third, the Class met at the Harvard Union at a few minutes after one. The clock was in

[1] He had to return to Cleveland the next morning on account of the death of an intimate friend.

place, and Herbert Parker, presenting it to the Union on behalf of his classmates, said: —

"*Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees of the Harvard Union:*—

"We aged men of a remote past revisit scenes once familiar to us, not that we would make too conspicuous our gray hairs and careworn features, and through them seek to excite the commiseration of the strenuous undergraduate youth, or to demand of them consideration for our decrepitude; nor should they indeed presume too much from the frailty of our appearance, for we would not have them forget that among us there are those who, forgetting their years, are yet fit, if called from the side lines, to make invincible defence of a Harvard goal or sweep down the successive rallies of a confident opponent. We can yet send upon the field one who can, as he used to do, lead a nine to desperate victory, as the memory of the sons of Eli can still sadly testify. There is another who can lend of his courage, to throbbing heart and tortured muscle, the indomitable spirit that lifts a boat over the last quarter of the weary miles to the crimson blaze of glory and conquest. Into the darkness of these classic shades, one, best scholar of our class, has brought that light by which the modern youth may now read the wisdom of Greek philosophy, and scan the musical verses of Greek poetry.

"We are come here rather to prove by our presence the perpetual enthusiasm of our affection and gratitude to that dear mother who tenderly and wisely cared for us in the years of our indiscretion; who taught us to love the truth, and set before us those pure ideals of virtue that fitted us to become men, and to take a man's part in the work of the world.

"Let not the joyous youth who sits nearest to the mother's knee and who clings closest to her heart, believe that he alone loves her, or knows the fullest measure of filial devotion, for his is the dependent love of the child. Only with maturity shall he come to realize that greater love which is capable of giving as well as receiving. He will come to know, as we have, in a degree, the inspiration of opportunity that manhood gives to prove himself worthy of her gifts; to become her defender, if need be, through the strength she has given him; to know no honor greater than

to uphold her holy name; to teach others to love and revere her for virtue manifest through her teaching.

"Is it not true, classmates, that whatever delusive enthusiasms of our youth may have withered in the dust and heat of our battle of life, the love we bear to the college has never failed or faltered, but has grown stronger with our strength, more earnest with the passage of each year? Nor is our love intermittent, ebbing and flowing with the tide of circumstance or occasion, responding only to the incidents of the calendar of the revolving years. It is not like a comet, to be noted only as it returns upon a twenty-five-year orbit. (My astronomy is a bit vague, the dim reflection of required physics, so designated because we were required to know nothing about it.)

"This anniversary of our graduation permits us to make manifest, in the ceremony in which we share to-day, an affection always constant. We have wished to have some part in the actual life of the university; to feel that we have some share in the social and intellectual interests of the young men who come, linger within these walls, and later follow us out into the world. We can best accomplish this in gratefully recognizing the wise beneficence of that true friend of Harvard, who by his munificent gifts has always anticipated her highest aims, and shown her needs only by supplying them; who has ennobled the genius of our athletic efforts and made the field of our contests the scene of patriotic inspiration through its dedication as a memorial to that heroism which Harvard has always taught. He has made this Union a splendid reality. Here graduate and undergraduate meet in a new and perfect fellowship; here they take counsel together in united affection for their college, in a common endeavor to uphold the ancient prestige of her history and cause the coming years to add new tribute to her fame.

"Our committee — those vestal virgins who have kept the sacred fire of our Class alight; those mentors who have instructed our intelligence, to whom we render willing and instant obedience — have well justified their assumption of authority over us in suggesting the gifts we make here to-day, a part to be applied to providing for the members of the Union the constant companionship of good books, whose society can never be intrusive and

never without instruction. We somewhat hesitated in the choice of this dominating time-piece, relentless reminder of the fleeting hours, for it may exhibit too much of the insistent qualities of conscience ; but we do not so offer it, but rather hoping that its voice may keep constant rhythm with the impulses of high effort and be in harmony with the happiness of youth, and in the time of darkness proclaim, through the sounding of the passing hours, the sure coming of the light of a new day, its voice giving constant utterance to the watchword we learned here, ' Veritas, veritas, the truth, always the truth,' alive in our hearts, articulate upon our lips. Gentlemen, we make these modest gifts that they may remain here always ; that our children and our children's children, who shall come to love Harvard, may know that we too loved her."

Mr. William R. Thayer answered : [1] —

" *Mr. Parker and Gentlemen of Seventy-eight :*

" I am very glad that in the absence of our chairman, Professor Hollis, the privilege falls to me of receiving your splendid gifts in behalf of the Trustees of the Union. That Seventy-eight should be the Class to make such gifts does not surprise me ; for you were Seniors when I was a Freshman, and I have never met any other body of men who seemed so capable of performing wonders as you seemed to me twenty-five years ago. I still remember the awe I felt when I heard reports of the scholarship of Shorey and of the lamented Waters; and nothing has seemed quite so funny since as Blodgett's Ivy Oration. To be bowed to by the Seventy-eight President of the ' Advocate ' or ' Crimson ' made me feel as I suppose young poets used to feel when they got their first invitation to breakfast with Sam Rogers : the road to the kingdom of literature and the temple of fame was open.

" In Athletics, too, Seventy-eight dazzled me as no other Class has done. I heard, of course, that there had been giants in Seventy-seven, and I knew that there were actually giants in Seventy-nine, but it was very evident that without the captainship of Seventy-eight's great twin brethren, Bancroft and Thayer,

[1] An attack of vertigo prevented Mr. Thayer from finishing.

their giantship would have won no victories. I may mention Thayer without hesitation, because the captain of the nine whom I watched on Holmes Field on week days seemed a different personage from the brother I met familiarly at home on Sundays.

So, gentlemen, no stretch of munificence on the part of Seventy-eight can surprise me.

"The Trustees of the Union welcome particularly your gift of $10,000, for it is evident that the needs of the Union are going constantly to increase, and that through the donation of special funds they may be met. The money is most acceptable, and means much, but the sentiment behind it means more. This institution was founded by Henry Higginson to promote comradeship, not only among all Harvard students while they are in college, but among graduates and students; and your gift is the best of witnesses to the value you set on comradeship, and to your purpose that it shall flourish. Since your time the social conditions here have changed inevitably, because the college has become in fact a university, and the population has quadrupled. There was never any danger that Harvard would not keep in the front in education, but mere numbers threatened to make unity and sociability harder and harder to attain. You have recognized, as have most of us, that education is not all that one should get from college; to many men it is less important than the mixing with their fellows, the learning to handle themselves, to be men if they cannot be scholars, and to be friends whatever else they are, all this, which I sum up by the single word Comradeship. For this the Harvard Union stands, and this you would strengthen and perpetuate.

"I need not point out how gifts like yours will benefit immediately the active members of the Union; I would rather refer once more to the very precious gain in sentiment which will benefit undergraduates and graduates alike. It is a precious thing for the fellows now in college to know that the great body of alumni outside have their interests at heart; and it is no less precious for us older men to have these interests, and to resolve that comradeship and friendship, the best things in life, shall not languish here.

"But do not forget that this Harvard Union is intended for

you not less than for the students. Use it, enjoy it, renew here your college associations. You have given to it your money; enrich it henceforth with your comradeship. Realize that this is dear Mother Harvard's very hearth, on which whenever you come you shall find a welcome blazing for you, — that this is home."

The Class then went in to luncheon in the northeastern training room. Messrs. W. R. Thayer and Professor Ira N. Hollis were our guests. Sixty-three of the Class sat down to the table, and Channing came in just after luncheon, making sixty-four, as follows: Adams, Balch, Bennett, Binney, Blodgett, Bradish, Chamberlayne, Cheney, Cobb, Cushing, Doane, Dorr, Elting, Goldmark, Hancock, B. F. Harding, J. B. Harding, Harrington, Hastings, Heffern, Hubbard, Hunt, Jackson, Jacob, B. N. Johnson, E. F. Johnson, Kessler, Knapp, Lawrence, Lee, Littauer, Lombard, Loring, Mead, Mercur, Montague, C. Moore, E. C. Moore, H. S. Nash, E. H. Nichols, Oliver, H. G. Otis, H. D. Page, H. Parker, W. M. Phillips, Potter, Richards, Smyth, Sparhawk, Taggart, F. W. Taylor, F. W. Thayer, N. N. Thayer, B. Tuckerman, Tufts, Vickery, Warden, Wheeler, Whitney, H. A. Wood, Worcester, Eaton, and Wiswell.

The backs of the menus showed the design of the book-plate that the Class was to give to the Harvard Union. This was taken from a photograph of the design, the plate itself was not yet prepared, but a process block was made, from which it was reproduced. An engraving from the book-plate itself shows in the frontispiece.

When we were seated, the Secretary, who was at the head of the table, said: "We have met here informally. There will be no speaking, except what I do myself, and that will be brief. Now that I have you all together I want to tell you about the creation [laughter]; well, you need n't think that I am going back quite as far as that; though when I used to write themes in college my friends said I always

went back and began with Adam and Eve, but what I want to tell you about is the creation of this fund that we have just given to the Harvard Union.

"The committee who had the matter in charge set out to raise $12,000. They took a list of the Class, picked out the men whom they thought could do the most financially, divided the names among them, each taking the names of those he knew best, and wrote to them, asking them to become the guarantors of the fund in such amount as they felt able to. There were some thirty-five names in all selected, and favorable replies were received from twenty-four. One guaranteed $2,500, one $1,500, two $1,000 each, seventeen $500 each, two $300 each, and one $250, a total of $15,350. The whole Class was then called upon to subscribe, and $2,500 was subscribed by sixty men. Eighty-four men in all have contributed, and with the result that those who guaranteed or underwrote the fund are relieved of their underwritings to the extent of 37 or 38 per cent. I can't at the present time be quite sure of the exact percentage, as the clock cost slightly more than we expected it to. It cost $2,024. Then the added expense of the book-plate comes in, as the committee decided to give an even $10,000 to the Union, and not make any deductions; and now, gentlemen, you know how the fund was raised." [Applause.]

Later the Secretary said: "There is a matter I have omitted to speak of. You have all seen the design of the book-plate, and I want your opinion as to the design and size." Some discussion followed, and Hunt pronounced the plate as correct in all respects. Professor Hollis left the room and returned with two book-plates in use at the Union, with which our own was found to agree very nearly in size.

Near the close of luncheon the Secretary said: "I announced when we sat down that there would be no speaking, but Dr. Worcester has something he wants to say. Give him a chance."

Worcester: "I merely wished to ask a question of you fellows. Why is it, at the opposite wing of the table, that all the men on one side have full heads of hair, and the men on the other side are all bald?" [Laughter.]

It was announced that at three o'clock the Class would be photographed in a group on the steps of Matthews Hall, and then after some diversion by a gang headed by Blodgett, who shouted, "We want coffee! we want coffee!" the coffee, which was late, was produced, and the Class went to the steps of Matthews.

The group taken was made up of the same men who sat down to luncheon, with the exception that Bancroft and Raymer took the places of Loring, B. Tuckerman, and Wiswell, who went away. Then there was a picture of seven of the Freshmen nine taken, who were present, and then the twelve most bald-headed men.

The general group and the twelve bald-heads was later mailed to every graduate of the Class and to about twenty non-graduates.

At four o'clock a car was waiting in Harvard Square. It had for passengers: Bennett, Mrs. Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, Miss Draper (Mrs. Cobb's sister) and two Miss Cobbs, Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Elting and Miss Elting, Goldmark, Mr. and Mrs. Heffern, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, W. M. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Tufts, Whitney. It started off for Newton by way of Huron Avenue, then to Brighton, and by way of Commonwealth Avenue to the Newton line at the Reservoir, then by the Brookline Boulevard to Harvard Street at Allston, and by River Street to the Port, and back to the Square by way of Broadway, then back to Boston by way of Harvard Bridge.

The Class met again at quarter after seven at the Algonquin Club, and a few minutes later went in to the table.

There were seventy-three men present, as follows : Adams, Balch, Bancroft, Bennett, Binney, Blair, Blodgett, Bradish, Bullard, C. F. Chamberlayne, Channing, Cheney, Cobb, Cushing, Doane, Dorr, Elting, Gay, Goldmark, Hancock, B. F. Harding, J. B. Harding, Harrington, Hastings, Heffern, Hubbard, Hunt, Jackson, Jacob, B. N. Johnson, E. F. Johnson, Kessler, Knapp, Lawrence, Lee, Littauer, Lombard, Loring, Mead, Mercur, Montague, C. Moore, E. C. Moore, Murray, H. S. Nash, Nichols, Oliver, H. G. Otis, H. D. Page, H. Parker, W. M. Phillips, Potter, Raymer, Richards, Roberts, H. W. Smyth, Sparhawk, G. H. Stearns, Sullivan, Taggart, F. W. Taylor, H. O. Taylor, F. W. Thayer, N. N. Thayer, Tufts, Vickery, Vinton, Warden, Wheeler, Whitney, H. A. Wood, Worcester, and Eaton.

Bancroft was at the head of the table, and when we were seated asked Lee to invoke a divine blessing.

Lee said : —

" Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we give thee thanks for the multitude of thy tender mercies ; and especially for the gracious providence which has led us on through the years of our fellowship as a Class, and permitted us to gather here to-night. May thy blessing rest upon us in this joyous reunion, and upon each one of our absent classmates. Help us to keep bright the memory of those who are gone. Let thy continued favor shine upon the dear Mother, to whom we owe the allegiance of grateful hearts. Strengthen the sacred ties of early friendship, and deepen its hallowed influence for good. May thy Holy Spirit abide with us through all the days of our lives, and unto thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be all the praise. Amen."

Dorr had found a book with the music of the old college songs of our day, which he had given to the orchestra of six stringed instruments, that were placed in an adjoining room, now opened by folding doors. While we ate they discoursed sweet music to us, except that one man complained that they played too slowly, and ordered a bottle of champagne

served them, and another that they played so loud that he could n't talk.

After about an hour of uninterrupted enjoyment, Wheeler got the attention of the Chair, and said : —

"*Mr. Chairman :* On this occasion if one has anything of real importance to say it is desirable to say it early in the proceedings, and as I have something that I wish listened to I will say it now.

"I think we, as all college men, feel that the years passed at college were the brightest of our lives, and that the brilliancy of that period has cast its rays forward through all our subsequent experiences.

"The men whom we knew at college we feel we know better than those whose acquaintance we have made in after life, although these later friends we may meet daily, while our college friends we see but now and then in years.

"That the ties made at college have been kept bound, that the relation of each one of us to all the others has kept us cemented in a concrete whole, has been due to our reunions, our dinners, and our Reports.

"That our wandering steps in many lands have been kept track of ; our changing post-office addresses followed up ; that each of us has been kept informed of Class events ; that tabs have been kept upon the numbers of our families, so that the President of the University can accurately calculate our fecundity ; that our funds have been faithfully guarded and administered, is due to our Secretary.

"A little while ago it was suggested that the Class was not destitute of the sentiment known as gratitude, and that having this sentiment it would be well to give it expression. I have been requested by the Class to present to the Secretary its offering."

There was then placed before the Secretary a loving-cup of graceful proportions, supported on ivory legs. It stood on a silver salver, and was filled with champagne.

The Secretary said : "Boys, you 've got me. I may in the past have gagged some of you in my Class Reports, but now

you have it back at me. I knew that something of this sort was customary, but as I had heard nothing of it in all the letters that have passed through my hands, I supposed and hoped that it had been forgotten. It was not until just before Wheeler spoke that I had an intimation from Bancroft that 'something was to be done for me.' It is to have the good will and respect of you all that is most dear to me, but since you have chosen to show it in a more substantial manner, all that I can say to you is that I thank you most heartily."

Then, taking up the cup, the Secretary drank to the Class, and the cup was put into circulation while the orchestra played "Mr. Dooley." After the Secretary's cup had passed around the table, the Class cup was started, and in turn made the rounds. Then Bancroft called on Dorr for the Class Song, which he led with a will, aided by the seventy-three men present.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! We shout for Seventy-eight,
Rah! Rah! Rah! She 's the best Class sure as fate;
And so we sing her praises from early morn till late,
And we 'll whoop her up again for Seventy-eight.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Seventy-eight."

Then for half an hour we talked, sang, got through our coffee, and lighted our cigars. When Bancroft, with some difficulty, had got quiet restored, he began the after dinner entertainment by saying: —

The hour has come —

A Voice. And so has the man.

The Chairman. "The hour has come," as it has been said, the hour for which the Class of Seventy-eight has waited for a quarter of a century, and for which the rest of the world has waited for a much longer time, and now, at the request of Joe Whitney, who acted upon the discretion with which he was endowed by the Class of Seventy-eight many

years ago, and upon the indiscretion with which he was endowed by nature some years before, I have the honor, in this room, which is filled with the spirit of the Class of Seventy-eight, and in which the Class of Seventy-eight is, or ought by this time to be, filled with such other spirit as the occasion affords, to ask the Class to come to whatever order its individual members, here present, may find convenient, or the general opinion of the Class and the feeble persuasion of the chair may induce. The chair feels that the actual reason why the Class finds him at the head of the table ought to be stated. The fact is that "Joe," with his usual boldness of conception, soundness of plan, and promptitude in execution [applause][1] thought it best to ask some one who did n't have much to do at this time,[2] and so he, naturally, asked me.

A Voice. He hit it right on the head.

The Chairman. While the chair, in accepting the invitation of the genial Secretary, did not undertake to make a speech himself, he feels that there are observations which may appropriately be made at this time, and that to some of them he ought to give utterance.

To have passed two-thirds of the milestones in the journey of human life is in itself a cause for no little satisfaction.

A Voice. Oh, don't say that. [Applause.]

The Chairman. To come together because of the alliance which we formed in our youth, with an institution whose name always arouses in our breasts the most pleasurable reflections, is a privilege that is justly prized. To revisit the familiar scenes, "College red and Common green" (the red much expanded since our time). To renew interrupted friendships. To recall the days of dawning manhood with their hopes and aspirations, of which our classmates,

[1] The various applauses, great and tremendous, the laughter; and cries of O-o-oh; Hurrah, hurrah; as interspersed through the speaking, are the work of the reporter and are what he thought he heard.

[2] Manager of the Exeter Celebration; Chief Marshal of Harvard Alumni Association, 24th; Executive officer of Hooker Parade, 25th.

whom we appointed to the task, spoke so fittingly on our class-day. To consider the influence of our venerable and honored University upon the country, the community which harbors it, and upon our own lives, all these are ample reasons why men should, for a brief day or two, abandon their ordinary pursuits, and, with the feelings of youth again, take counsel of their affections and of their gratitude. [Applause.]

The constant succession of those who yearly resort to Cambridge in ever increasing numbers, so that a single class contains nearly as many as did the entire college in our time, may be taken as some index of the changes wrought since we, too, were undergraduates. The University, as you have seen to-day, has been much enlarged. New schools, new subjects of instruction, new buildings for Academic purposes, both in Cambridge and in Boston, have been added, and more are to come.

Our country, too, has grown and with startling vigor. Our twenty-five years of absence from Cambridge has been a period of marvellous activity. Even our language has changed. When we left we had hardly begun to "hustle," and I am not sure but that, while we have not ceased to "hustle," we are now doing something else, the precise characterization of which I am not able to speak. Among other new things, our twenty-five years has seen the utilization of that mysterious agency, which in our time, except in the case of the telegraph, was scarcely more than a subject for academic examination. The telephone, the electric light, and, I am bound to say, the electric car,[1] had barely appeared. [Applause.] They have come, and with other applications of the same agency they have changed the very mode of human operation, and even of human existence. I will not stop to speak of the automobile — and those who ride in it seldom speak as they pass by, although they

[1] Bancroft is President of the Boston Elevated Street Railway, which controls the entire street railway system of the city.

"auto"; — at any rate Joe has caught it [applause and laughter] —

A VOICE. O—o—oh. Put it on the board! Diagram!

THE CHAIRMAN — nor of the many other interesting and useful inventions which serve both commerce and the arts, as well as the professions, notably that noble profession whose office it is to heal the sick.

A college mate of ours has become President of the United States.

Unforeseen and perhaps unwelcome events have made territorial expansion a subject of earnest discussion, and to some extent an accomplished fact. And certainly by other countries our own is regarded differently from what it was when five years ago I had the personal pleasure of receiving a very cordial message from my classmates at a Class dinner assembled. A message, let me say, which added to the many kindnesses of the Class for which I am profoundly grateful.

The growth of population and its congestion in cities has encouraged the propaganda of a theory of society which, unless there is a reaction, may jeopardize the existence of much which Harvard taught us to revere.

A number of our fellow-countrymen have, since our graduation, engaged themselves in attempting to elevate the standard of public morality; but whether this is a new movement or only what some one has recently called "an inherited protest," I do not avow. The standard of private morality is, at least, as high, and its expression, I believe, is higher; but I do not assert this from such representation as one ordinarily finds in the columns of the daily press concerning some of our people. I believe, however, that our children are likely to be better than we are. I do not, of course, have in mind the Class of Seventy-eight when I make this observation.

But altogether our twenty-five years, it must be said, has been chiefly a period of material development; and yet

whatever that period has been, we have lived in it and have shared its blessings and its sorrows, its advantages and its disadvantages, its responsibilities and its emoluments, and in some degree its achievements. The book of the past is closed, and now we can —

> ". . . look into the future, far as human eye can see ;
> See the vision of the world, and all the wonder that will be."

Whether that vision will be more glorious and that wonder greater than those we have known, may be an interesting subject for consideration at our fiftieth anniversary.

This hour is one of rejoicing, and we must hasten to the business of the evening. The chair is expected, he understands, to name certain members of the Class, to ask them to rise (if they are able to rise) and to speak (if they can speak coherently) for five minutes. The chair regrets the severity of the conditions, but if legs and tongue both fail, the chair is instructed to offer his warmest felicitations to their possessors, and to say further that their loyalty to the Class and their conscientious observance of the occasion will be recorded by "Joe" in terms of "unspeakable happiness" in the archives of the Class. [Great applause.]

The Chairman. I have an invitation to name certain classmates, and I shall expect that the Class will call for others in coöperation, if they are able to. [Applause.]

And now I have the very agreeable duty of calling upon the Class Secretary. No other class has such a secretary as "Joe" is, and the Class appreciates him too ; and "Joe" is conscious of all this. Classmates, the Secretary ! [Applause.]

The Secretary. Thanks all round for your kind reception. Before I say anything let me observe that I notice that the presiding officer has been quite indiscreet in some of his remarks ; but, as I have been warned, I shall try to avoid similar mistakes.

It was the custom in the time of Pontius Pilate [cries of "Oh! oh! oh!"] to release unto the Jews at the time of the Passover one of the malefactors. [Laughter.] It has become the custom of a Class which has been out of college for twenty-five years to petition the corporation and overseers for degrees for certain men who were at some time connected with the Class. They may have been malefactors, or they may have been considered and tried as such through no faults of their own; but for some reason they failed to receive degrees in due course. Suffice it to say, when we came along to our twenty-fifth anniversary, we petitioned for degrees for four men who were with our Class into the Senior year, and the degrees have been granted. As to the scholarly attainment of the men and their standing in the college, I think it is safe to say that if two of them had continued in college they would have received their degrees in due course, but they were obliged to leave for financial reasons or the death of the head of the family. But two I am very certain would not have got through. [Laughter.] One had a record that was very much mixed, as he told us at one of our dinners; but it was not his fault, as they were mixing things up all the time at the Secretary's office; and one was distinguished as a Latinist, and understood so much Latin that he could not sit under Professor Greenough in our Sophomore year. Professor Greenough tried to instruct us in Latin, and finally we got along to where a little Latin slang was used, and Greenough said: "'Quid aiis?' Translate it 'What do you soy?'" My learned friend came out of the recitation and said: "The idea of an instructor in Harvard College translating *Latin* 'What do you soy?'" So, to rebuke the Professor, when the Latinist went into recitation after that he said "unprepared" when called upon, and he continued to say "unprepared" until his examination. I do not think he was very successful in his examination, but I will ask him about that after dinner. Of course you can't guess who the man was.

[Laughter.] But that man is entitled to a degree, even if he did not pass his examination, if only because of the knowledge of Latin that he showed at that time.

A Voice. He has got it.

The Secretary. He has got it, that 's a fact.

There is a quotation on our menu here, and if poor old Dean was with us he would feel awfully honored to see his words of the Class song there to-night : —

> " And yet, where'er our days we pass,
> Let not our love abate
> For our dear Mother and our Class —
> The Class of Seventy-eight."

That is the ending of the Class song. Yes, poor old Dean would have felt awfully good if he had known that we had that on our menu at our twenty-fifth anniversary.

There is another quotation, too, on the menu : —

> " Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume,
> Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
> Rugis et instani senectae
> Afferet indomitaeque morti."

A Voice. Can't John Harding sum that up?

The Secretary. Well, I don't know, but I was going to say that this is written in a tongue that you have all been familiar with in the past, and probably most of you know the meaning of the quotation by this time, at any rate you have had the chance to ask the men on either side of you what it meant, and each of them has had the chance to ask the man next to him, so as I have already said, you probably know the meaning. I was a little uncertain about the quotation, so I hunted up my old Freshman Horace and looked it up, but I found that I had got it wrong. I had it " anni labuntur " instead of " labuntur anni. "

Mead. That was pretty near.

The Secretary. Yes, but I have seen it since I left college printed on the face of a clock. " Labuntur," I looked that up too, in the notes, and Chase says that it means, " the

years gliding by like the flowing of a river." When I laid the book down I did n't feel sure whether it was Chase who wrote the book or Horace, and it also occurred to me that most likely it was written by Horace's Secretary. The Secretaries of great men always write the good things that are attributed to them. Charley Moore, did n't you always write Senator McMillan's speeches? And, by the way, Mr. Congressman Littauer, who writes your speeches when you make them? Which I believe you do not often do. But they tell me that you are great on committee work. The quotation carries me back to our Freshman year, when Mr. Everett called upon a man in our class to recite. I forgot who it was. I will assume it was Shea; we may as well say it was he, as he is not here and so cannot contradict me; and Mr. Everett said: — "Mr. Shea, read the Latin to show the metre," and Shea read: —

"Ehéu fúgaces, Postúme, Postúme."

"That will do, Mr. Shea," said Piggy, "you may sit down." He cut the metre pretty short.

But the years are gliding past and we cannot help it, and here we are to-day, a set of middle-aged men —

A Voice. Oh, no! oh, no! young men.

The Secretary. Still young, and some of us are quite youthful in our conduct, but we are confronted to-day with all sorts of responsibilities. Some of us are fathers of families — I guess a good many of us are. We have travelled all sorts of roads in our life, and we have had troubles, and I suppose we shall have more. They are likely to come in the future rather than in the past. I suppose every one of us has had trouble in the past which was serious, but the hand of time has smoothed it out. If we were to stand here to-night and tell of the sorrows and disappointments that have come to us, as at the time of their occurrence, what a state we should be in. It was only last week that I had an experience in this matter in a house that I am building

in one of the small towns near Boston. I went to look at it, looked at the chimney, and it seemed to me that the masons had constructed it so that it was all stopped up and no smoke could ever get out of it, and I pictured myself as sitting in the room with tears in my eyes (as a result of the smoke that could not get out of the chimney); but after the architect explained to me that they were going to chop out the bricks, and that in a few days, by the smoothing hand of the mason, the chimney would be all right, my fears were allayed. The smoothing hand of time has done wonders.

A Voice. Have the tears gone yet, Joe?

The Secretary. No, they have not all gone. The only time that I have cried recently was when you fellows brought that loving-cup and set it down in front of me. Those tears are still here. It hit me down here somewhere [putting his hand on his heart]. I don't know exactly where it was.

I have been asked about twenty times to-day by different men of the Class how we stood in vital statistics, not fecundity — President Eliot has shown us that the average Harvard graduate is sort of drying up as a propagator of the race — but what they wanted to know especially was how many men were living of the Class out of the number that graduated. When we came out of college, according to the commencement program, there were one hundred and thirty-three names on the program as receiving degrees.

A Voice. How many?

The Secretary. One hundred and thirty-three.

A Voice. Oh, that 's not right.

The Secretary. Lombard had our commencement program to-day at the Union and he counted up and said it was one hundred and thirty-three.

Lombard. I said one hundred and forty-four.

The Secretary. One hundred and forty-four? I beg his pardon, I thought he said one hundred and thirty-three this morning. Four or five men received degrees within a

year or two which had been withheld for various reasons. Doane got into trouble about his room rent. Homans's was withheld on the grounds of general negligence, but a degree was granted to him in the autumn, and three or four men got conditions in the finals, which they afterward removed by passing examinations, and thus the number ran up until, including the four Barabbases — [much laughter]

One of the Four. Four what?

The Secretary. Four Barabbases. [Cries of Hear, hear.] "Now, this Barabbas was a robber — " [Much confusion.]

Gay, Otis and Richards, standing. We protest at your remarks.

The Secretary. Then I withdraw them. One hundred and fifty-six will, to-morrow, have taken degrees of A. B. as of our Class; of these eighteen have died since we left college, Osgood is hopelessly insane, and one or two other men are out of the race, and don't figure in the world, much, which leaves say a possible one hundred and thirty-six of the Class proper. Besides those who have taken degrees there were seventy-three men temporarily connected with the Class. Of these ten were with us so short a time that their addresses and identity are absolutely lost; we cannot trace them, and no one knows anything about them, or where they came from or went to. Ten more were with us so short a time, some of them only a few weeks, that they never identified themselves with the Class. Their names appeared in the catalogue, but the men soon dropped out. Seventeen received degrees as of other Classes and affiliate with these Classes, and eleven who were never identified with any other Class than ours have died, so we have to-day a possible total of about one hundred and sixty that we can draw on in any emergency.

[Cries of "What, what, what?"]

What did I say, one hundred and sixty?

[Cries of "Yes, yes, yes."]

DORR. But you said draw on.

THE SECRETARY. Yes, Dorr, I said draw on, but I did n't mean the kind of drafts that you draw, but to draw on to fill up our dinner table.

That makes me think of what I read in the paper the other day, that every man under forty-five and over eighteen is subject to the draft, and I was thankful that I was over forty-five. At any rate, I should hate to go to the war like our General here.

A VOICE. One hundred and sixty; was that last figure including the General and his crew?

THE SECRETARY. I was coming to the General and his crew. There are the General, Littauer, Loring, and Warden sitting together. They were on our Freshman crew, and I will say of the General and his muscular, energetic, athletic companions —

LITTAUER. Say strenuous, Joe.

THE SECRETARY. Yes, strenuous, that 's a good word; that is what goes nowadays, and I am reminded by that suggestion of strenuosity of the little experience that occurred to one of our Class about the end of our Junior year, that I was just going to tell about. As I was passing Matthews Hall I saw Walter Kessler suspended by his two feet, one being held by Smithy of Seventy-nine and the other held by Bill Schwartz of Seventy-nine, and he was hanging head down out of the window, and the General — he was not General then, I guess he was not more than a sergeant or a corporal — we might as well call him "Foxy" — [Cries of "Hear, hear."] That carries me back to the Song of Solomon. [Cries of "Oh, oh."] You know I told you at the Union to-day that my friends used to say that when I wrote themes I always began with Adam and Eve. You all remember about those little foxes that used to destroy the grapevines in Palestine. Around here there never would have been any complaint about them, if they had n't got into the grapevines any harder than this big Foxy has been get-

ting into the product of the vine this evening. [Tremendous applause and laughter.]

BANCROFT. That was pretty far-fetched, Joe.

THE SECRETARY. But about Smithy and Schwartz. They were hanging on to Kessler by his feet, and he was crying out: "Don't you drop me, damn you, don't you drop me." The big man stood below, and I don't remember whether he was throwing or kicking a football at Kessler's head, or exactly how he was doing it, but with the football he was making Kessler's head a target.

This carries me back again to various reminiscences: one of which was that about five o'clock in the morning, while passing through Harvard Square, one Tim Page might have been heard delivering Bryant's "Thanatopsis" from the upper balcony of Holyoke. A little bit later as I passed into the yard, I saw one Hancock sitting on the back steps of one of the buildings, the back door of the northeast entry of Weld, I think, and up two stories — I don't know as I know who lived in the room[1] — there were two youths at the window dropping pieces of coal down beside Hancock, as he dozed on the step, in a vain endeavor to awaken him. [Laughter and applause.] But each time a piece of coal dropped he would rouse with a start and then doze off again.

Well, gentlemen, I think that I have got about to the end of my rope. I am very much obliged to you for your kind attention, for your interruptions, for your good-will, for the loving-cup, and the kind letters of commendation I have had from you all. And, again, let me say about the subscription to the Union, that I think the members in the Class did individually about what they could, and I think that they were very liberal in what they did and in the way that they created the fund.

[Cries of "Good boy" and great applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN. The teacher asked the bright boy of the

[1] Since learned to be 44 Weld.

class, "How many thousand make a million?" The boy answered, "Not one in a thousand."

The man who makes a million, and makes a seat in Congress without neglecting his business, is still rarer; and rarer still is he who makes the seat four times and makes himself the trusted adviser of the President of the United States; but rarest of all is he who makes all these things, and makes the rank list and makes the 'Varsity crew and the 'Varsity ball team when he is in college.

I fear, Classmates, if I say much more you will suspect who I mean, for the Class of Seventy-eight can do almost anything. At all events, if there is any one in the room who answers to this description, he now has leave to stand up.

No? Then I have the very great pleasure of naming our Classmate, the Hon. Lucius N. Littauer, member of Congress from the great State of New York.

LITTAUER. Mr. Chairman and Classmates: Let me express my unbounded satisfaction that you and I are living to enjoy so fully our drink and food on this twenty-fifth anniversary. I have always looked forward with much anticipation and very active thirst to every one of our reunions. They recall the best four years of our lives, years when our hearts were open, our spirits buoyant, our minds active, and our attachments and friendships yet untouched by material considerations. [Cries of "Good, good," and applause.]

It has been a pure delight to look at your old faces —

A VOICE. Young faces. [Cries of "Oh, oh, oh."]

LITTAUER. To notice your bald tops and your gray hairs and your expanded waistbands, and, above all, to learn of your satisfactory careers since we graduated. We have as good a right to-night as we had twenty-five years ago to be proud of Harvard and proud of Seventy-eight. [Cries of "Good, good," and applause.]

To the high average accomplishment in college we have added the high average accomplishment in life.

Wherever and whenever roaming about I have met a Seventy-eight man I have found a friend interested in me as I was interested in him, and his lively appreciation has cemented our old affection. It is very fortunate that so many of us have reached this middle age, the prime of life. I value my college course not only for the learning and the breadth of view acquired, but for the character and the grace and the true Harvard tone and spirit, and it is deeply satisfactory to know that despite the huge growth of the University, since our day, Harvard still stands as the highest exemplar of the American scholar and the American gentleman. [Cries of "Good, good."]

Sometimes I regret that I did not store my mind with much that I then neglected, but I never regretted my devotion to athletics and the time spent in the gymnasium, on the field, and especially on the river, for they gave endurance and the love of an active contest, without which what I have done never could have been performed. [Applause.] But above all, they gave me such a temperament and such a digestion that I was enabled to appreciate the good qualities of my friends and the good things on earth. [Cries of "Hurrah, hurrah."]

We have naturally wandered into many paths. Mine was into an active manufacturing business which led accidentally into a congressional career. There I found much of deep and varied interest. I have achieved some notoriety and little glory, but political glory is very much like a potato plant that is in rich soil. The top of the potato plant, like the head of the politician, grows very big but the potato very small. [Applause.]

Classmates, it can come to but few men to make a substantial accomplishment in public life, but the world owes its greatest debt of gratitude to those who keep or try to keep the State in paths of right and wisdom, the direct result of whose work is to bring comfort and contentment to millions of human beings, or to those who are successful in

passing measures that draw men from persecution, from oppression or misery, to happy, contented and prosperous homes, whether that work be accomplished amid a tumult of popular applause or be done in the quiet of the committee room where no one knows of it except by its results.

Classmates, nothing in the experience of our lives is so impressive as the progress of our country up to its present position. Our forefathers, in their struggle for independence, established the democratic principles of the equality of man and of liberty. Our grandfathers and our fathers, while we were yet in early childhood, at that crisis which determined whether our country was to be rent asunder through bitter warfare, established the everlasting principle of union. Our fathers, while we were at school, or at college, fought out the bitter problems of reconstruction, and then we came onto the field. We graduated from college twenty-five years ago as men ready to undertake the world's struggles, with opportunities as bright and the prospects as fair as ever came to any man. It was a time when science was taking a practical turn and blossoming forth into inventive production. And what has been our record? We did our part in the building up of a diversified condition of industry throughout our country, under a protective tariff; we entered earnestly into the strife for the establishment and maintenance of sound and honest money, which has made possible the economic development of later years with its unparallelled prosperity. We persistently insisted on a perfect Civil Service and we actually accomplished that, in the public administration of our cities and our state and federal governments. It is true that in recent years we were thrown into war, but from that war we emerged a reunited country, with a new sense of our power, our future and our responsibility. [Applause.] Our country had a new birth in the esteem of the world; we stand among the great powers that direct the future of mankind. Law, order, civic rights and virtue among the nations are our ideals so firmly established

that we may look to the future with confidence, assured that those who will gather together twenty-five years hence may point to a continued record of our country's accomplishment as the champion of peace, of progress and of justice.

Classmates, I thank you for your indulgence in listening to me.

[Cries of "Go on."]

Here is a toast which I will give you. Fill your glasses again and drink to Seventy-eight [cries of "Good, good"], to those who are gone, to those who are unfortunately absent, to our right royal good selves, and to those who will have the good luck to be here on our fiftieth anniversary. [Tremendous applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN. A poem by Loring.

LORING. I say, boys, I am here in kind of a mean predicament. I feel in the same condition that the Irishman felt in New York when they took him out to dine. They took him round to a restaurant. They gave him soup, they gave him celery and they gave him a lobster. He said: "I have *drank* your dirty water, and I have eat your grass, but I won't eat your pink bug." [Great laughter and applause.]

1903 JUVAT MEMINISSE. 1878

We seek the once familiar scenes,
And the well remembered places,
Fain to renew our boyhood dreams
Search for half forgotten faces —
In vain we climb the dirty stair,
And muse before the rusty grate,
That shone with boyhood's visions rare,
In the good old days of Seventy-eight.

For still there lacks some well known voice,
The easy laugh and merry jest;
Ah! could we win the fairy choice,
To call again all we love best,

How quickly we would fill each chair,
How light we 'd miss our lost estate,
If John and Billy but sat there,
As they used to sit in Seventy-eight.

Some things remain without much change,
The Square, the Yard, Memorial Hall,
But many a building new and strange
Makes rank outsiders of us all;
We neither had or felt the lack
Of iron fence or formal gate,
When we were trump-cards in the pack,
In the good old days of Seventy-eight.

Sports in our time, too, were better,
Without bands and rehearsed applause,
With no awarded "H" — on sweater,
With no red tape or senseless laws; —
And Thayer's nine, and Bancroft's crew,
To you I hardly need to state
E'er kept the crimson o'er the blue
In the good old days of Seventy-eight.

"Laus temporis acti," 't is the theme
Of every anniversary rhyme;
And just such songs most fitting seem,
To celebrate Commencement time.
We 've travelled far in sun and rain,
The way is long, and it grows late,
Yet we pause and turn to praise again,
The good old days of Seventy-eight.

[Great applause.]

LITTAUER. I have just received a telegram dated Albany, New York, June 23d.

"*Class of Seventy-eight, Algonquin Club, Boston, Mass.:*

"In thought and spirit I am with you. Extend my heartiest greetings to all, and God bless the Class of Seventy-eight. I hope when this message arrives you may still be in a condition to read it.

"CALEB E. GOWEN."

[The song, "Rumsty Ho," was here sung by the Class.]

THE CHAIRMAN. I remember very well a classmate of ours when he was a student of Exeter Academy. He is now a clergyman much beloved by the community in which he has charge of the souls of a considerable number of people. It is understood that he does his duty with so much pious zeal that both the Lord and his parishioners are well satisfied, and that the only dissatisfied person in the entire region is Satan himself, and he it is understood has much cause for complaint. In short, our classmate is a good man and a perfect preacher. I can very well understand that he should be, for I recall when he was at school with what emotion he regarded the prospect of the evening, after hours, of an oyster stew and a bottle of ale furnished at the expense of Julian Mead, with the assistance of some of the other boys. The Reverend John Butterworth Harding.

J. B. HARDING. Mr. Chairman and Classmates of Seventy-eight: Some of you gentlemen are still lingering in the lap of youth, and others are putting on the early graces of old age. The combination, by an observation of a very infrequent visitor like myself, causes me to think that we are the best looking Class that ever graduated. [Applause.]

There is one other thing that I wish to say before I speak of the clergy, which I think is to be my topic, and that is, as an infrequent visitor I have discovered the very great hospitality of the Boston members of the Class. That hospitality is at once substantial and liquid.

Now, the anxiety of the Class to hear from the clergy is probably as sincere as the concern of the Irish woman for her neighbor's health. Looking over the back fence, which separated their yards, she said: "How are you this morning, Mrs. Flannigan? Not that I give a damn, but just by the way of conversation." [Great applause.]

So, for the sake of conversation, I would like to say on behalf of the clergy that there were nine men in the Class who became clergymen, and five of them are here to-night.

Of course your ordinary conception of a clergyman is that he is a man who lives on Jeremy Taylor and water, and when he takes a night off he never gets farther than lemonade and hymns. Well, some of us have got farther than that to-night. [Applause.]

You recall the fact that John Harvard established Harvard College with the main, but not the sole intent, of educating men for the ministry. Our contribution was nine in quantity, and if I may indulge in the rather ambiguous remark, I can say that that was sufficient when we come to the quality. [Laughter.] When Harry Otis found out that I was in holy orders — he is a Bachelor of Arts and he is entitled to his opinion, although he was born out of due time —

Otis. That was not the doctor's fault.

J. B. Harding. You will get the Doctor's certificate to-morrow. When he found I was in holy orders he said it was either the salvation of the man or the ruination of the church.

As a clergyman, I want to call your attention to one thing which the Class has achieved, among its many triumphs, that has never been mentioned. I believe we were the first Class that ever successfully and in a practical way answered the oft repeated question of dear old Dr. Peabody, God rest his soul,

[Cries of "Yes, yes."]

"What ees ethics?" [Applause.]

Standing between the wickedness of the Class of Seventy-seven and the wealth of the Class of Seventy-nine, all we could say was that we were poor but honest. [Cries of "Good, good."]

Now, subsequent events have proved the accuracy of the promise of those early days —

A Voice. We were poor.

J. B. Harding. For look at the record. Some few of the Class have gone over to our ancient enemy — The Faculty

— only one has gone to Congress, and none, so far as I know, and this may be due to the leniency of the Attorney-General, have gone to jail. We therefore stand on record not only as having sent Yale to that place where they burn hard coal all the year round, but we stand for a very high degree of morality.

You may wonder that I dwell on this point, but it is a subject which naturally appeals to parsons, and they can always get up steam on such a theme for they always carry their own fuel with them.

That reminds me of a man who did three silly things in succession: first he got married, and then he went on his wedding-trip to Europe, and, thirdly, he took his mother-in-law with him. You, who passed in Required Rhetoric will observe the climax. [Laughter and applause.] In the course of the voyage the old lady died, and they sewed her up, as usual, in canvas, and loaded her down with coal, and buried her at sea. The next day the bereaved son-in-law was on deck, and some of the passengers offered him sympathy. "Yes," he said, "she has gone, but she has carried her fuel with her." We carry our fuel with us, and we cannot help getting up some kind of steam. [Applause.]

Now, if I may say a sober word — [Laughter.]

A Voice. Can't you, John? [Laughter.]

J. B. Harding. I would like to say this: of course I am not the man, and this is not the moment to say anything pathetic, but I would like to say that to-night we want to remember those fellows who have gone from us. [Cries of "Good, good."] Their astral bodies may be here in this room, they may be "Drinking their wine with the maidens nine," and we are not going to forget them, as, surely, they are not forgetting us. It may be thought a small thing, but I think oblivion itself should take hold of a man, when he forgets his dead. As a Class, we had some men whose memory, dear to many of us, is most precious to some of us, and I want to ask that they be remembered. This would be a different occasion to-night if some of them were here.

And then I want to say another sober thing. I don't know who it was, I think it was Sarpedon who taught it to Glaucus, or some other cuss, as he went into battle, that those who sat at the head of the table should be in the front of the fight. We Harvard graduates, I think, may say we sit at the head of the table. We ought to be in the front of the fight. We ought to be the men who try to do something to make a larger liberty in this country, a larger usefulness for some of its useless citizens; we ought to go back to that old democratic idea, which I believe was stronger in Harvard College in our day than it is now, which is the old American idea, and

> "Thet 's the old Amerikin idee,
> To make a man a Man an' let him be."

Let us play the game, let us play it for all it is worth, and if we win we will not gloat, and if we lose we will not whine. We play the game; we are in the front of the fight: and if we fall there it is a good place to fall; to play the game does not mean that we are always going to win.

When we were in college there were four men, Smyth, Shorey, Heffern, and Nash, who were the four Great Grecians of the Class. [Applause.] Of two of them I know because of their work, and because they are professors in schools of my own Church. It is a pleasure and a pride, I do not doubt, for all of us to know that those gentlemen can still read Greek; that even when they swear, they do it in the Hellenistic dialect. [Laughter and applause.] These men are not as well known to us as the man who pulled the oar or led the parade [applause] or won the match, but they are men who are highly honored by those who are best able to judge; they are worthy men. [Applause and cries of "Good, good."]

I have lingered on their names just because of their own innate modesty.

Now, we have a record of nine men in the ministry, and

five of them are able to be with us; they are able to stand up and make a record, in the instance of several of them, of the very first order, and this ought to be a matter of very deep concern and congratulation. [Cries of "It is, it is."]

A Voice. Who are the nine?

J. B. Harding. I cannot recall their names, because some of them left the Class before they graduated — that is the work of our Secretary — I don't bother myself with details. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, I am exceedingly obliged to you for giving more attention to a parson to-night than you probably do on Sunday. [Great applause.]

The Chairman. The Attorney-General has gone, but, thank God, all the lawyers have not. The judge who will now speak to you is financier, jurist, antiquarian, publicist, useful citizen. In some such words as these I have no doubt President Eliot would characterize the classmate whom I am to ask to speak next. This judge has never fined anybody for contempt, for unlike some judges his court has never been an object of contempt. I have pleasure in asking our classmate, the Honorable Edward F. Johnson, formerly mayor of Woburn, to speak.

E. F. Johnson. Mr. Chairman and Classmates: I think it was some good Harvard man who said that in making an after-dinner speech you should take your cue from the remarks of the presiding officer. But I am not going to speak on the judiciary of Massachusetts, — I won't even give you my idea of drunkenness[1] [applause], nor will I speak upon finance or upon municipal government, except in the same way that Artemus Ward wrote his lecture, "Babes in the Wood," — he did n't mention the babes from the beginning to the end of the lecture. But Bancroft himself, and his introductory remarks, remind me of one of those fables of La Fontaine, with which we became familiar in our junior

[1] A reference to Judge Dewey, a recent Justice of the Boston Municipal Bench, who gave a definition of drunkenness in a case that he dismissed.

year under the instruction of that most kind and genial of Harvard professors, Professor Bôcher. The fable I have in mind is that of the fox and the raven. The fox finds the raven perched on the limb of a tree with a fine bit of cheese in his mouth, and immediately goes to work, by what I presume in modern phrase would be called the persuasive art of diplomacy, to get the cheese, so he compliments the raven upon his fine feathers and his good looks, and tells him that nothing but a very good voice could possibly go with such attractions. He begs the raven to sing just a few notes, that he may hear his delightful voice. Now, the raven knows very well, or ought to have known, that he cannot sing any better than — well, I cannot make any comparison, perhaps it would not be safe to make any: anyhow, he cannot stand the compliments that the fox has heaped upon him, so he foolishly opens his mouth and begins to sing. The cheese drops to the ground and the fox gets away with it.

Now you may have some difficulty, in fact a good deal of difficulty, in recognizing the part of the raven, in making the application of the moral of this fable to the present occasion, but I am very certain that you all know who the fox is. [Laughter.] The fox of our Class could always say such pleasant things that most of us were always ready to sing or dance if he only said the word. And he has been getting good cheeses during all his political and business career, not simply can it be said because of his great foxiness, but because of his untiring energy, his loyalty to his friends, his knowledge of men, and his great executive ability. [Great applause.] I think the Class of Seventy-eight do well to rejoice in his success. We take a great pride in it.

But to get back to the raven. The fox wished the raven to sing a few notes only, — and I think in that respect I can act the part of the raven.

I remember to have read some years ago, possibly in connection with one of those historical courses which I had

under Henry Cabot Lodge, and which are now carried on under our distinguished classmate Channing, that when Hawthorne was United States Consul at Liverpool, he was troubled at first to know what to say on the many occasions that he was called upon for after-dinner speeches; but he afterwards wrote to a friend that the matter ceased to trouble him, for he found that when men had had a good dinner, with plenty of champagne, it did n't make much difference what he said, provided he said something, and did not say too much.

The few words I have to say were suggested by some remarks made by a member of our Class at the last dinner I attended, two years ago. The man who made those remarks has since passed away. He was one of the brightest, most loyal, and most jovial fellows of the Class, — John Homans. [Applause.] On that particular occasion Homans evidently thought that the manifestations of sentiment were a trifle juvenile, so, in his frank way, he got up and stated that he thought it was time for us to realize that we were no longer Freshmen, or even young men, that we had arrived at middle life, and should cease to act as boys. Possibly, yes probably, there was some point to his remarks as applied to that particular occasion, but as to his suggestion that we should cease to consider ourselves as boys when we meet on occasions of this kind, I felt like taking an exception at the time. To my mind, this is just the time when we should be boys, and live over again, as well as we may, some of our college days. To do this it may not be necessary to eat or to drink quite as much as we once did at dinners of this kind, but I think we should meet and act together as we have here tonight in the spirit of young college men, and not as professional men or as business men. Just read, as I have done recently, some of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poems to his Class — the Class of Twenty-nine — at their annual dinners, and you will get the true Harvard spirit that should govern on occasions of this kind. Those poems cover, I think, a

period of about forty years; and it was not until the year eighty-nine or ninety — anyway, about sixty years after graduation — that he let the curtain drop on what he called the drama of "Our Boys." Let me give you just a stanza from one of those poems and I will sit down: —

> "A health to our future,
> A sigh for our past,
> We love, we remember, we hope to the last,
> And, for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
> While there 's youth in our hearts we can never grow old."

[Great applause.]

[The Class here sang "Oh, carry me back to Old Virginny."]

The Chairman. It is with a most satisfactory feeling that upon him to whom we listened twenty-five years ago as our Class orator, we can call to address us this evening — Charles Moore.

C. Moore. Mr. Chairman and Classmates: Listening to the very eloquent remarks of Brother Harding, I was reminded of one of Montague's[1] best stories. Montague tells about the man who said, "Doubtless there are ways of being saved outside the Episcopal Church — but no *gentleman* would think of resorting to them." [Laughter and applause.]

It is a real pleasure to see how the members of the Class of Seventy-eight are getting to the front! There is our good friend, now Congressman Littauer, who has made the speech of his life to-night. I remember his first appearance in Washington. Then he was urging on the Senate Committee on Finance an increased duty on gloves! [Great applause.]

Then there is Cheney, whose smiling face illumines the other side of this table — Cheney who spent much time within the marble halls of Congress — to see that sawed ivory paid the smallest possible duty. [Applause.]

[1] H. W. M., of our class.

There are other members of the Class who have touched Washington — not speaking after the manner of the street. [Great applause.]

I bear to you to-night the greetings of one classmate who found it impossible to leave his very arduous and exacting duties at the Capital — E. T. Chamberlain, the United States Commissioner of Navigation, without question the ablest commissioner since the creation of the office. When the famous ship subsidy bill was before the Senate I was asked by a group of Republican senators to prepare a synopsis of the measure. After looking over the bill I was compelled to report that it would take a month of study to understand even what the bill meant, because it was so technical and so complicated; and that the only thing to do was to send for Chamberlain. He was sent for and he readily elucidated the chief features. Afterwards he confessed that probably there was but one other person besides himself who knew all that the bill contained. The other fellow was also a Harvard man.

Then there is Binney, until recently an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and still connected with the Department of Justice. He was appointed as a mugwump, and has been retained under Republican administrations, because he knows more about the land grants of the Southwest than does any other person in America. Happily he is with us to-night.

And Allen — Andrew H. — Chief of the Bureau of Rolls in the Department of State, the friend of searchers among the manuscripts relating to American History; the editor of the Constitution of the United States during the period of its formation; and the compiler of the superb indexes of the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Monroe papers.

All of these men are a credit to the Class of Seventy-eight. They have not become as conspicuous as the generals and the candidates for governor and judge who grace the head table; but each in his own way is carrying out by

thorough work the parting injunctions delivered to us by good old Dr. Peabody; and I am glad to have an opportunity to bring them to your attention to-night. [Great applause.]

The Chairman. The Class is chock full of the learned professions, and it is certainly high time to hear from them, from one of them at least, and it gives me great pleasure to call upon Dr. Herman F. Vickery.

Vickery. Mr. Chairman and brother Classmates: I think that in general the clergy and the legal fraternity are much more fortunate in their ability to say interesting things to their fellow-men than the medical profession; but, for all that, I am glad to say a few words. I think it would, perhaps, be of interest for you to know how well the medical men of our Class have represented Seventy-eight. I have been thinking over the members that are doctors, and what they have done; and I know that if I speak frankly concerning them it will be a matter of family interest. I ought to add that I did not know when I came here that I should be called upon to speak, so that my remarks will be fragmentary and inaccurate.

Knapp has taken a high position, being president of the American Neurological Association. He has written a great deal on the subject of insanity, and he is the chairman of the commission of the city of Boston that has to do with the insane.

Lombard is a Professor of Physiology at Ann Arbor University, and he has published many original investigations.

Taylor is a leading physician. He is a member of the visiting staff of the Cambridge Hospital, is on the School Committee, and does other public spirited things.

Worcester has been very prominent. He has been connected with the Board of Health of Waltham. He has created a school for nurses, which has unique characteristics, and which has been copied throughout the world. Letters

of inquiry about that school have been coming from almost everywhere.

Wood is also in Waltham, and well known as a consulting surgeon in Eastern Massachusetts.

Mead is on the School Committee — has been on the School Committee, and I think he is now — and he is very prominent in Watertown.

A Voice. He is selectman, too.

Vickery. He is a faithful citizen, and undoubtedly the leading physician in his district. He is a Medical Examiner.

Charles Harrington has written the best book on Hygiene published in the United States, a second edition of which has just come out. He is continually putting the city of Boston under a debt of gratitude for his faithful work in protecting from adulteration milk and butter and other food. He publishes, every now and then, articles which are a great help to medical practitioners.

Sachs is a name much respected among Neurologists in the United States. He has written a good book in his specialty.

Sturgis is gone. After a time of quiet study and thought, he published an article in a New York journal which put him at once in a very prominent position among psychologists. His work related to conditions of mind approaching insanity, but not exactly deserving that name. Until he died he was very busy along this line.

Homans was not only a genial good fellow [cries of "Good, good," and great applause], but one whose memory we cherish and respect. He aided very much with his own means and with his personal efforts in the making of a large and beautiful medical library building, a store-house of knowledge for the whole profession. Homans was also President of the New England Eye and Ear Infirmary and physician and director of the Home for Aged Men.

Buck's health has prevented him from being a very active

practitioner, but I doubt if there is a better read man among us or one better acquainted with all the recent advances in the science of medicine.

I think that completes the list. [Applause.]

A Voice. What have you said about yourself, old man?

[Cries of "Vickery is all right," and applause.]

The Chairman. Some of us remember the time when our hair was curly and our figures were slim, but now, I am sorry to say, that some of us have scant hair and curly figures. Some of us come from near by and some of us come from a distance. But I should take pleasure in signing a certificate that he whom I shall ask to address you has preserved his appearance better than any member of the Class. It is a long ways from the great State of Texas, but the great Lewis Hancock has come.

Hancock. When I got word from our worthy presiding officer informing me that they expected to hear from me at this dinner, I wrote him that he need not expect a speech from me, as I did not have any special message to deliver from Texas, and I thought that perhaps he would be able to find somebody to take my place, and that he would therefore kindly let me enjoy the dinner without the prospect of having anything to afflict upon you in the way of real, severe punishment; and of course I expected that I would have nothing to say, but he has informed me that I would have to speak nevertheless. Well, I thought I would not have to speak, but he thought I would; he said I would have to give a speech, and I said I would not, and there we were, and I don't know how the matter would have finished, but unfortunately for me the knot was cut in some manner, because I was assailed by the Chairman, the Secretary and Littauer, and I don't know what they would have done if I had not consented to say something.

I am only going to say that I have been asked here several times to-day, "Did you come all the way from Texas to attend this dinner?" I want to say to you that it is worth

coming from Texas to attend a dinner like this. I do not know when I was ever so proud of the Class of Seventy-eight as I am now.

Most of you have attended the dinners regularly every year, but I do not think I have been at a meeting since 1881. From that time on this Class up here has been getting along as best they could without me. I have been asked several times concerning middle-aged men, and it has been intimated to me that I was getting along in years, but when I come up here and find you all looking as young as you do, as fresh as you all do, I am satisfied that twenty-five years from now you will find us middle-aged men.

A Voice. Yes, right in the prime of youth.

Hancock. And I want to say that when that time arrives twenty-five years from to-day, I will come up, not only from Texas, but from the Philippine Islands, if I happen to be there. [Great applause.]

The Chairman. There is one other man who was more determined to talk than the last man was not, but we all want to hear from him, and I have now great pleasure to call upon Edward O. Richards.

Richards. Mr. Chairman and members of my Class: I can assure you that it is with a beating heart, trembling lips, and eyes that are filled with tears of gratitude, that I now rise to express to you all, in a very imperfect manner I fear, how I appreciate away down in the innermost depths of my soul the honor you have done me. As you all know, I was compelled for business reasons to leave our class during the Senior year and so doing, abandoned all idea of receiving a degree from Alma Mater. Now that the long lost prize is within my grasp, due, my classmates, to your efforts, I cannot in adequate language express my deep appreciation of your act, but I can and do say, gentlemen, that the fact that it has taken twenty-five years for me to be awarded my degree only adds to its value. [Applause.] Furthermore, a man who is so honored is a man who can

stand up and proudly say he has the respect of every single member of his class, which fact goes to demonstrate the old spirit of Seventy-eight. [Applause.] There is a saying: "Out of sight, out of mind," but that is not applicable to the spirit of the Class of Seventy-eight. No, that spirit has been illustrated by the saying, "Though lost to sight to memory dear." [Great applause.]

To these few inadequate words, and I wish they were more (but I am not a trained speaker nor have I had much practice in oratory), I want to add this thought: your action means that the four youngest graduates, in some walk of life during the past twenty-five years, reached some attainment, accomplishing something which entitles them to the distinction which they are to receive, and that fact, again, shows the spirit of our dear old Class of Seventy-eight, namely: that in the long run merit will tell. I hope, in saying this, that I am not taking upon myself any self-flattery. I am sure it is no flattery to the other three men.

And yet, with your permission, one word more, to show that even though a man may not have attained any great worth in this life, yet he may possibly have a different view of results than a man who has, and to that end I will recite a few lines written by one of our classmates,[1] whose name I cannot at the present moment divulge because of a request not to do so. Here is a short rhythmical story of a man who had been through Harvard College, who had high ambitions, high aims to attain in life, who felt that he was in a position to do as well as the next one, but through many misfortunes, one upon another, heaping themselves up in an unexpected and most rapid manner, he failed in everything he undertook, and thinking over his life just before he died wrote these lines and appropriately entitled them with one word, "Beer." He wrote thuswise: —

[1] *Beer*, it has since been discovered, was written by George Arnold and not by the man to whom Richards referred.

Here,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit.
Alas !
They pass unheeded by,
While I, being dry,
Sit
Idly sipping here
My beer.

Ah !
Finer far
Than fame or riches, are
The fragrant smoke wreaths
Of this free cigar.
Why should I
Weep, wail or sigh ?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,
My pleasures fled ?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer,
Cigars and beer ?

Go !
Whining youth
Forsooth :
Go ! Weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times.
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave to me
My Beer.

Love is loss, gold is dross,
So, if I gulp my sorrows down
And see them drown
In foaming draughts of old nut brown,
Then I do wear the crown
Without the cross.

Gentlemen, that is the way in which *he* viewed life. Whether such a one is entitled, after all, to as much credit as the man who had made a success I question — let it rest.

The spirit of the Class of Seventy-eight which Bancroft has spoken of and which I have referred to, brings to us honorable ambition, endeavor and purpose, which nothing can down, nothing can daunt, and which any man possessing and having a fair show, is bound in the long run to bring to account. [Great applause.]

The Chairman. Classmates, we would like to hear from one classmate who has come to us from not so far away as the State of Texas, but who is a citizen of the great State of Indiana — Walter Kessler.

Kessler. Mr. Chairman and Classmates: It has been referred to here that once upon a time I was hanging by my heels with my head down, crying, "Don't drop me, don't drop me." I don't remember now who it was that was throwing things at me, because I have had various things thrown at me at different times. I have not attended a reunion before for various reasons. The fact is that we in the West are so far away that it is almost impossible to get on here to a reunion; and, more than that, some of us have reasons which it is not best to refer to. I am indebted to Nat Thayer for being here at this twenty-fifth anniversary, and I assure you all that I am very much indebted to Thayer for the talk he gave me on the subject, and I am very glad to be here.

My life has led me to meet with only three men, who are not here to-night, of the Class of Seventy-eight. They were fellows who at times in their lives have come to me, and for one of them I know I did a service.

My college experience is a little different from the most of you. I ought to have started in the year Seventy-five, in the Class of Seventy-nine, but I entered the Class of Seventy-eight. I never felt anything else than a Seventy-eight

man. I feel now that I have passed my examination. I feel that I am for a second time a member of Seventy-eight; and I hope that I may be present with you on the fiftieth and also the seventy-fifth anniversary. [Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN. Classmates, these exercises are drawing to a close, but I wish to call upon one more, and that is Harrison G. Otis.

OTIS. Classmates: I am very glad indeed to be here, and I thank you very much for what you have done for me. I feel like a man named Smithy who was lost in the Johnstown Flood. After being taken up to the golden gates he told his story to everybody, and every time he told his story a little old man said, "Oh, quit." He got a little sore about it, and he went to St. Peter and said: "Now, look here, St. Peter" — naturally being a little full of his subject, the flood — "that little dried up son of a gun over there says, 'Oh, quit,' every time I tell my story." And St. Peter said: "The fact is, Smithy, that fellow has got you nailed; he is a past master on floods — that is Noah." And that is the way I feel to-night, so I will sit down before anybody makes any such remark in regard to what I say. [Great applause.]

Then after engaging in a political discussion, in which Littauer assumed the affirmative and F. W. Thayer the negative, the Chairman said: Mr. Secretary, is there any other business to be transacted?

THE SECRETARY. No, I believe not.

THE CHAIRMAN. Then, if there is not, with the consent of the Class, and by authority of the Secretary, the Chair resigns his office, and declares the exercises of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Class of Seventy-eight at a close.

WEDNESDAY.

On Wednesday the twenty-fourth — Commencement Day — the Class was represented by Bancroft as chief marshal of the Association of the Alumni. Littauer, Mead and F. W.

Thayer were aids and N. N. Thayer, Blodgett, E. F. Johnson and Kessler were marshals.

Degrees of A. B. as of our Class were granted to Frederick Lewis Gay, Caleb Emery Gowen, Harrison Gray Otis, and Edward Osgood Richards.

Stoughton 4 was open for the use of the Class, who were also invited to the chief marshal's spread in University.

The Class meeting at Stoughton at noon was informal.

Ladies who accompanied members of the Class were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Edgar H. Nichols at 33 Kirkland Street, and shortly after two o'clock were all provided with tickets and admitted to the gallery of Memorial Hall.

About fifty men of the Class went in to the dinner and tables were reserved for them.

At five o'clock the ladies, joined by their escorts, went to Mrs. Bancroft's, 12 Ware Street, where they stayed for about an hour.

The ladies who were present at Mrs. Nichols's, Memorial Hall, and Mrs. Bancroft's were: Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Elting, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Heffern, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. B. N. Johnson, Mrs. E. F. Johnson, Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. C. Moore, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Smyth, Mrs. G. H. Stearns, Mrs. F. W. Thayer, Mrs. N. N. Thayer, Mrs. Tufts, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. H. A. Wood, Mrs. Worcester.

THE CELEBRATION FUND.

The final settlement of the fund has not been entirely concluded, but on a basis of $12,192 will show as follows:—

Underwriters: Littauer $1575, Mills $945, Gay and Gowen $630 each; Bancroft, Bullard, Cheney, Dorr, Gurnee, Hubbard, Jacob, Loring, Mead, H. Parker, Richards, Miller, E. C. Moore, F. W. Thayer, N. N. Thayer, P. Tuckerman, Whitney, $315 each; Kessler and Welles, $189 each; Murray

$157.50. Subscribers: B. N. Johnson $250, Boutelle, Elting, Osgood (through his sister), H. G. Otis, J. Parker, Perley, Sachs, Teschemacher, Wheeler, $100 each; Adams, Balch, Binney, Blodgett, Cushing, Goldman, Hancock, Hastings, Lawrence, H. S. Nash, Potter, Rogers, F. W. Taylor, Taggart, B. Tuckerman, Vickery, H. A. Wood, Worcester, $50 each; Vinton $26.65, Blair, Cobb, Dwinell, Harrington, J. B. Harding, Hunt, E. F. Johnson, Pickering, E. L. Morse, C. Moore, H. D. Page, $25 each; Jackson, Smyth, $20 each; Heffern, $12, Daniels, Goldmark, J. F. Johnson, Kendall, Powel, Lombard, Sullivan, Warden, $10 each; A. H. Allen, W. B. Allen, Eaton, B. F. Harding, G. W. Nash, W. M. Phillips, Sparhawk, Spinney, Tufts, $38 in all.

Expenses have been: —

Fox & Gale, commission on design for a clock	$300.00
Bigelow, Kennard & Co. for movement and tubes complete	655.00
F. L. Whitcomb, for stock, labor, and hardware in preparing case	1069.58
Entire cost of the clock	2024.58
Collecting checks	.71
Trustees of the Harvard Union. Not less than one third of the income in each year to be applied to the purchase of books. The balance of income to be used as the trustees shall designate	10,000.00
Sidney L. Smith for a book plate	80.00
	$12,105.29

The outstanding bills are in connection with having book plates printed and for the frontispiece of this book, and will fall well inside of $12,192.

A reproduction, on a reduced scale, of the receipt taken from the trustees of the Harvard Union, shows between the pages.

The Board of Trustees of the Harvard Union

hereby acknowledge to have received of the Class of 1878 of Harvard University at the hands of its secretary Joseph E Whitney the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to be invested and the annual income to be applied by said Trustees in the following manner namely one third thereof in the purchase of books for the library of said Union each volume to be identified by inserting therein a book plate struck from an engraved plate provided by said Class and the balance of said income to be expended for the benefit of said Union in such manner as the Trustees may deem expedient

Dated this twenty fourth day of June A D nineteen hundred and three

Trustees of the Harvard Union

Wm H Hollis
W. R. Mayo
Jacques J. Storrow
Robert F. Bacon
Charles Adams 2d
Malcolm Donald
Wm C Boyden

CHANGES IN LIVES.

ALBERT is in the employ of the Atlantic Transport Line and sails on one of their steamers.

W. H. ALLEN has retired from business and is living at Saybrook, Conn.

W. B. ALLEN took a trip to Europe in the summer of 1903 on account of his health.

BANCROFT has bought a place called Shawfieldmont in Groton. This includes the Bancroft farm that was purchased by his grandfather, Dr. Amos Bancroft, in 1812. Among his various achievements he is a grandfather.

BENNETT lost his library, including some much-valued Class Reports, by a fire that destroyed one of the college buildings at Wooster, Ohio.

BINNEY: Mrs. Binney died, after an illness of three years, at Morristown, N. J., December 28, 1900.

Binney has resumed practice in Philadelphia. He has recently written the life of his grandfather, Horace Binney, of the Class of 1796, for many years the oldest living graduate. He is on the board of management of the Philadelphia Municipal League.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, supposed to have died in 1880, was living July 12, 1883, when he was driving the government mail wagon between Bismarck, N. D., and Fort Lincoln.

G. H. BROWNE was in Europe in 1903, at the time of our celebration.

BUCK was in Europe at the time of our celebration.

C. F. CHAMBERLAYNE has moved to New York, where he is engaged in writing an article on "Evidence," of

some 1,200 quarto pages, for the Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure.

CLARKE has resigned his pastorate at Port Allegany and Eldred, and in September, 1902, sailed for Marseilles, intending to pass the year in Europe.

CURTIS goes with his wife, in the spring of every year, to St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland, for six weeks of golf.

DUNBAR has established a sanitarium at Bonita, San Diego County, California. He was married to Miss Mary Lydia Hobart at La Grange, Illinois, September 4, 1902.

ELTING was in Europe in the winter and spring of 1903. He was last seen by Schaeffer going away down the Grand Canal in Venice.

GAY is a trustee of the Brookline Public Library, vice-president of the Prince Society and is registrar of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts.

GLEASON has moved his family to Becket Centre, Mass., and is living at 1760 feet above sea level.

GOLDMARK is supervising the construction of repair shops for the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Montreal.

B. F. HARDING has moved his family to Milton and is teaching at the Milton Academy. His eldest daughter was recently married.

HASTINGS has also moved his family to Milton from South Weymouth.

HAY has left Brockton to become associate pastor with Rev. James Reed of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Boston.

HEWINS is living at Wellesley Hills.

*JOHN HOMANS, born in Boston March 15, 1857, died in Boston May 4, 1902. He was the son of Charles Dudley and Eliza Lee (Lothrop) Homans. In youth his studies were interrupted and his health impaired by violent sicknesses, with long periods of convalescence; in spite of these, however, he obtained his early education at Chauncey Hall School, the Boston Latin School, studied a year and a half

in Germany and then a year at home with a private tutor, entering college in June, 1874, with the Class of Seventy-eight.

In college he was a member of the Institute of 1770, the Δ. K. E. Society, president of the Hasty Pudding Club and was elected to the Porcellian Club, but not as an active member to the outside world. During his Sophomore year he was suspended. The time of his suspension he lived and studied in Milton. He roomed Freshman year at 23 Thayer, and Junior and Senior years at 78 Mt. Auburn Street. Upon graduating he entered the Harvard Medical School, where he remained for three years. He then became a house officer in the Massachusetts General Hospital, a position that he held for one year, receiving the degree of M. D. in 1882. Then he traveled in Europe, and studied principally in Vienna until 1884, when he returned to Boston and opened an office on Boylston Street.

In his late Medical School days and in the early days of his practice he acted as an assistant to his uncle, Dr. John Homans, in cases of abdominal surgery. At this time he wrote short papers entitled "Supplementary Ovaries" and "Dementia following Ether." Through his uncle he also became assistant medical director in the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.

His father died in 1886, from whom he inherited a practice that within a few years he had largely increased, and established himself as a family practitioner among many of the leading families in Boston.

He was descended from a distinguished medical family. His great-grandfather, Dr. John Homans (Harvard College 1772) was a surgeon in the Revolutionary service; from him through his grandfather Dr. John (Harvard College 1812) well known in Boston in the early half and middle of the last century, and his father (Harvard College 1846) he inherited the right to membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, and was an assistant secretary of that body; he

was also physician and director of the Home for Aged Men; member of the Society for Medical Research and of the Society for Medical Improvement; director of the Boston Medical Library Association, to which he gave much time and aided with his private means; physician and director of the Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys; president of the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary; secretary of the Massachusetts Cremation Society and a former president of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association. Among the societies with which he was connected, which were not an outgrowth of his profession, may be mentioned the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, in connection with his membership with which he collected a considerable library bearing on the Civil War, especially regimental histories; the Loyal Legion, in the right of his uncle George H. Homans; the New England Historic Genealogical Society; the Union and University clubs; the Wednesday Evening Club and the Humane Society of Massachusetts.

In manners he was genial and conciliatory, always avoiding harsh words or any semblance of a quarrel. It has been said by one who saw much of him in early days, that his smile in the sick room was worth more to him than the most profound knowledge. The men of our Class who remember only the reckless, irresponsible undergraduate, but always the same good fellow, must forget the estimate they then placed on his character, though he wrote in 1900: "My life is still tinged by moments of hilarity, as I trust it ever will be."

He was aware of trouble with his heart for a year before he died. A trip to Europe in the summer of 1901 did not improve his condition. Late in January he had an acute attack at the Union Club, after which he was confined to his house, where his condition soon became worse, until his death on May 4. Hypertrophy of the heart was the ailment, perhaps superinduced by kidney trouble that had

been dormant in his system since childhood. His funeral, which took place at the King's Chapel three days after his death, was largely attended by friends and representatives of the organizations of which he was a member.

By his will he bequeathed $2,500 to the Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys and $1,000 to the Massachusetts Cremation Society, to whom he left his body for incineration, which sum was expended by the society to construct an approach to the chapel from the front and in erecting a gateway, which became, in a sense, a memorial of the donor, their first secretary.

HUBBARD has built a house on Bay State Road, and is living in it in winter. The dates of his children's birth not given in Report IV. are: Charles Wells, August 18, 1890; Elizabeth Blair, March 16, 1893 and Anne Swann, February 6, 1895.

JACOB is one of the directors of the New York Stock Exchange.

J. F. JOHNSON in the summer of 1901 was a candidate for a vacancy in the office of Comptroller of the Currency, but failing to secure this position, he resigned the chair of finance in the University of Pennsylvania, and accepted a call to the chair of political economy and banking in the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance.

KNAPP is president of the American Neurological Association.

LEE is building up the membership of the Church of the Restoration, in Philadelphia, of which he is the pastor.

McDOWELL has disappeared since June, 1902.

MERCUR broke his leg and is permanently lame, as the result of an accident when coasting with his children.

C. MOORE has left Washington. He had charge of the land office of the Lake Superior Consolidated Company at Sault Ste Marie until January 1, 1904, when he leaves there to become secretary of the Union Trust Company of Detroit.

MORISON went on a sailing vessel around Cape Horn in the spring of 1903.

E. W. MORSE was in Europe in the summer of 1903 for his health.

MURRAY lost an infant daughter in the summer of 1902.

H. PARKER was elected Attorney-General of Massachusetts in the years 1901, 1902, and 1903.

PERLEY was in Europe in the summer of 1903 at the time of our celebration.

W. M. PHILLIPS has been one of the editors of the "Denver Post" since February, 1902. He left Indianapolis in May, 1901, and for seven months wrote the editorials for the "Denver Times."

PINNEY is one of the firm of Pinney, O'Brien, Thayer & Van Slyke, at 32 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PRESTON is once more in Seattle, after four years in Alaska, "digging for gold in the wrong places."

ROBERTS has retired from business and is living at Reading, Mass.

SAUZADE is the father of four children; the youngest of whom is under a year old.

SCHAEFER has recently returned from Europe, where his stay was much prolonged by a surgical operation that he was obliged to have performed.

SMYTH was appointed professor of Greek Literature at Harvard in 1901.

W. A. SPINNEY is instructing in scientific deep breathing, at the Westminster, Boston.

G. H. STEARNS was married April 10, 1897, to Mrs. Anna Louise Carlisle, and is living at 42 Holmes Avenue, Allston, Mass.

SULLIVAN was appointed a justice of the Boston Municipal Court, December 10, 1902, and qualified December 17.

H. O. TAYLOR had just returned from a trip abroad at the time of the June dinner.

TESCHEMACHER is living in Europe; he has been attending a course of lectures on anthropology, in Paris.

TRAIL is vice-president of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Frederick, Maryland. His son, Charles Bayard Trail, Jr., was born February 11, 1903. "My sixth child and my first boy."

P. TUCKERMAN was in Europe at the time of our celebration.

TUFTS lost his eldest child, Effie Miriam, on November 2, 1903. She died from burns received at a fire of leaves that set fire to her dress.

VINTON was married at some time previously to the issue of the last report.

WELLES was in Europe at the time of our celebration.

WHEELER has had the son born May 15, 1901 christened Henry.

YATES is connected with the Minnesota and Western Grain Company, at 31 Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.

TEMPORARY MEMBERS.

EATON has left Fitchburg and is living at Newton; he is a member of the Wharff Eaton Company, makers of "some few exclusive things on brass."

* AUGUSTUS DROMEL IASIGI, the son of Joseph and Eulalie Loir Iasigi, was born at Boston, April 14, 1854; died at Norfolk, Virginia, November 18, 1903. Though properly a member of Seventy-seven he was with our Class in the Freshman year. In January, 1885, he married Carrie May Stembler, who died at Norfolk, Virginia, February 14, 1901. He had a large estate on the North River, in Gloucester County, Virginia, where he passed most of his time. He was survived by two sons, aged eighteen and sixteen.

JAMES was made president of the Northwestern Uni-

versity at Evanston, Illinois, in 1902. In 1903 he received the degree of LL. D. from Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

STACKPOLE is living at Lexington, but is not a good correspondent.

TAPPAN was last heard of at Dawson City.

TOWNE was connected with the Sonora railroad in California.

ADDRESSES.

GRADUATE MEMBERS.

Notice of any change of address should be sent at once to the Secretary.

Adams, Charles T., 43 Highland Street, Montclair, N. J.
Albert, Richard S., Atlantic Transport Line, 1 Broadway, New York.
Allen, Andrew H., Department of State, Washington, D. C.
Allen, William H., Saybrook, Conn.
Allen, Willis B., 477 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.
Bacon, Edward R., 700 Royal Insurance Building, Chicago, Ill.
Balch, Edwin S., 1412 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bancroft, Gen. William A., 12 Ware Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Batchelder, Charles F., 7 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Bennett, Prof. William Z., 163 Beall Avenue, Wooster, Ohio.
Billier, Frederic De, 102 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York.
Binney, Charles C., 1801 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Blair, Lafayette G., Bailey Park Road, Watertown, Mass.
Blodgett, Warren K., 7 Acacia Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Boutelle, George K., 35 College Avenue, Waterville, Me.
Bradish, Frank E., 188 Devonshire Street, Boston.
Browne, George H., 24 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Brune, William H., 8 Builders' Exchange Building, Baltimore, Md.
Buck, Dr. Howard M., 127 Marlborough Street, Boston.
Bullard, Stephen, 3 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.
Catlin, Charles A., 114 Liberty Street, New York.
Chamberlain, Eugene T., Bureau of Navigation, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.
Chamberlayne, Charles F., 76 William Street, New York.
Channing, Prof. Edward, 74 Sparks Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Cheney, George L., Essex, Conn.
Clarke, Rev. Herbert M., 112 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
Cobb, Edward H., 7 Avon Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Comey, Charles R., Mansfield, Mass.
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Cushing, Arthur P., 23 Court Street, Boston.
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Dorr, Benjamin H., 28 State Street, Boston.
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Elting, Irving, 22 Delafield Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Ely, Philip V. R., 28 State Street, Boston.
Gay, Frederick L., Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.
Gowen, Caleb E., 163 Handy Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Gleason, Zebina A., Becket Centre, Mass.
Goldmark, Henry, 270 West Ninety-fourth Street, New York.
Gurnee, Augustus C., 80 Broadway, New York.
Hamilton, Charles A., Boys' High School, Brooklyn, New York.
Hancock, Hon. Lewis, Austin, Texas.
Harding, Benjamin F., Milton, Mass.
Harding, Rev. John B., St. Mark's Rectory, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
Harrington, Dr. Charles, Harvard Medical School, 688 Boylston Street, Boston.
Hastings, Edward R., 4 Post Office Square, Boston.
Hay, Rev. Henry C., Church of New Jerusalem, 15A Beacon St., Boston.
Heffern, Rev. Andrew D., 5000 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hewins, Dr. Parke W., Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Holmes, John R., 516 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hubbard, Charles W., 133 Essex Street, Boston.
Hunt, Edward B., Public Library, Boston.
Jackson, Ernest, 383 Beacon Street, Boston.
Jacob, Lawrence, P. O. Box 42, New York.

Johnson, Benjamin N., Lynn, Mass.
Johnson, Hon. Edward F., Woburn, Mass.
Johnson, Prof. Joseph F., School of Commerce, etc., New York University, New York.
Kessler, Walter, 15 Ingalls Block, Indianapolis, Ind.
Knapp, Dr. Philip C., 33 Marlborough Street, Boston.
Lawrence, Rosewell B., Medford, Mass., or 745 Tremont Building, Boston.
Lee, Rev. John C., Church of the Restoration, Master Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Littauer, Hon. Lucius N., 520 Broadway, New York.
Littlefield, George A., 49 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.
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Lucas, Clinton W., De Lancey School, Pine above Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lutz, Prof. Frederick, Albion College, Albion, Mich.
McDowell, Henry B.
McKaye, Dr. Henry G., 106 Church Street, Newport, R. I.
Mason, Harry W., Newton Centre, Mass.
Mead, Dr. Julian A., Watertown, Mass.
Mercur, James W., Wallingford, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miller, William S., 39 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Mills, Ogden, 15 Broad Street, New York.
Montague, Henry W., Puritan Club, 50 Beacon Street, Boston.
Moore, Charles, The Union Trust Company, Detroit, Mich.
Moore, Jr., Edward C., 32 Nassau Street, New York.
Morison, John H., 40 Water Street, Boston.
Morse, Edwin W., 153 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Morse, Herbert F. W., 40 William Street, Portland, Me.
Murray, John A., 36 West Ninth, or 49 Wall Street, New York.
Nash, Dr. George W., Jerome Park, King's Bridge, New York.
Nash, Rev. Henry S., 9 Acacia Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Nichols, Edgar H., 33 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Oliver, Rev. William J., 565 Duke Street, York, Pa.
Osgood, Henry B., 67 Bay State Road, Boston.
Otis, Harrison G., Winthrop, Mass.
Page, Henry D., Puritan Club, 50 Beacon Street, Boston.

Parker, Hon. Herbert, South Lancaster, Mass.
Parker, James, Somerset Club, Beacon Street, Boston.
Patterson, Robert F., 5541 Ellsworth Avenue, Cor. of Ivy Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Phillips, William M., The Denver Post, Denver, Col.
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Pinney, Hon. George M., 32 Nassau Street, New York.
Potter, Dr. William H., 16 Arlington Street, Boston.
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Richards, Edward O., 416 Broadway, New York.
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Rogers, Alfred H., Joplin, Mo.
Sachs, Dr. Barney, 21 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York.
Sauzade, Thomas J., care of the Sub-Treasury, New York.
Schaefer, William H., 132 Tradd Street, Charleston, S. C.
Shepherd, Rev. Samuel, Maquoketa, Iowa.
Shorey, Prof. Paul, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
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Sparhawk, Edward E., 78 Seaver Street, Roxbury, Mass.
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Stearns, Rev. William O., 30 Maple Street, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Sturtevant, George E., G. P. & T. A. Office, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston.
Sullivan, Hon. William, 306 Sears Building, Boston.
Taggart, Hon. David A., Manchester, N. H.
Taylor, Dr. Frederick W., 1735 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Taylor, Henry O., 7 West Forty-third Street, New York.
Teschemacher, Hubert E., Somerset Club, Boston.
Thayer, Frederick W., 118 Federal Street, Boston.
Thayer, Nathaniel N., 60 Congress Street, Boston.
Trail, Charles B., Frederick, Md.

Tuckerman, Bayard, 59 Wall Street, New York.
Tuckerman, Paul, Tuxedo, Orange Co., N. Y., or 59 Wall Street, New York.
Tufts, James A., Exeter, N. H.
Vickery, Dr. Herman F., 263 Beacon Street, Boston.
Vinton, Charles H., 203 Exchange Building, Boston.
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Welles, Benjamin, 6 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York.
Wheeler, Henry, 511 Sears Building, Boston.
Whitney, Joseph C., P. O. Box 3573, Boston, or Brush Hill Road, Hyde Park P. O., Mass.
Williams, Charles K., 708 Security Bank Building, Sioux City, Iowa.
Wood, Dr. Henry A., 742 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.
Worcester, Dr. Alfred, 742 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.
Yates, Gilbert M., 3219 Blaisdell Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.
Young, Theodore T., Box 845, Saco, Me.

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MEMBERS NOT GRADUATES OF THE CLASS.

Apthorp, Harrison O., Milton, Mass.
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Brainerd, Frank, Portland, Conn.
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Chapman, Charles H., Stow, Mass.
Cross, Charles E.
Dunham, Harrison, 92 Florence Street, Roslindale, Mass.
Dwinell, James H., 98 Main Street, Winchester, Mass.
Eaton, Harold B., 129 Grasmere Street, Newton, Mass.
Ela, Alfred, 54 Kilby Street, Boston.

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Fish, Charles E., Rhineland, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
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Mason, Rev. Charles J., 70 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Ward, George C.

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WOOD, STEPHEN B., Arlington, Mass.

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